Vacation time warmed the young of the world to pleasant languor, and a morning came that was like a brightly colored picture in a child's fairy story. Miss Margaret Schofield, reclining in a hammock upon the front porch, was beautiful in the eyes of a newly made senior, well fayored and in fair raiment, beside her. A guitar rested lightly upon his knee, and he was trying to play, a matter of some difficulty, as the floor of the perch also seemed inclined to be musical. From directly under his feet came a voice of song, shrill, loud, incredibly piercing and incredibly flatdwelling upon each syllable with inible reluctance to leave it: "I have lands and earthly pow-wur.

I'd give all for a now-wur,
Whi-list setting at my-y-y dear old mother's knee-ee,
So-o-o rem-mem-bur whilst you're.

Miss Schofield stamped heartily upon the musical floor.

"It's Penrod," she explained. "The lattice at the end of the porch is loose, and he crawls under and comes out all bugs. He's been having a dreadful singing fit lately—running away to pic-ture shows and vaudeville, I suppose." Mr. Robert Williams looked upon her

yearningly. He touched a thrilling chord on his guitar and leaned nearer. "But you said you have missed me," he began. "I"-The voice of Penrod drowned all oth-

So-o-o rem-mem-bur, whi-i-ilst you're

young.
That the da-a-ys to you will come
When you're c-o-old and only in the way.
Do not scoff at them bee-cause"— "Penrod!" Miss Schofield stamped

"You did say you'd missed me," said Mr. Robert Williams, seizing hurriedly upon the silence. "Didn't you say"-A livelier tune rose upward. "Oh, you talk about your fascinating

Of your dem-o-zells, your belies, But the littil dame I met, while in the

She's par excellaws the queen of all

Margaret rose and jumped up and wa repeatedly in a well calculated ea, whereupon the voice of Penrod cried chokedly, "Quit that!" and there were subterranean coughings and

"You want to choke a person to death?" he inquired severely, appear-ing at the end of the porch, a cobweb upon his brow. And, continuing, he put into practice a newly acquired phrase, "You better learn to be more

ansiderick of other people's comfort." Slowly and grievedly he withdrew, sed to the sunny side of the house, reclined in the warm grass beside his wistful Duke and presently sang again. "She's sweeter far than the flower I

I will re-CALL that"-"Pen-rod!"

Mr. Schofield appeared at an open window upstairs, a book in his hand. "Stop it!" he commanded. "Can't I stay home with a headache one mornlisten to—I never did hear such squawking!" He retired from the window, having too impulsively called upon his maker. Penrod, shocked and injured, entered the house, but presently his voice was again audible as far as the front porch. He was holding converse with his mother, somewhere in the interior.

"Well, what of it? Sam Williams told me his mother said if Bob ever did think of getting married to Margaret, his mother said she'd like to know what in the name o' goodness they expect to"-

Bang! Margaret thought it better to close the front door. The next minute Penrod opened it.

"I suppose you want the whole family to get a sunstroke," he said reprovingby. "Keepin' every breath of air out o' the house on a day like this!"

And he sat down implacably in the

doorway. ,
The serious poetry of all languages has omitted the little brother, and yet he is one of the great trials of lovethe immemorial burden of courtship. Tragedy should have found place for him, but he has been left to the haphazard vignettist of Grnb street. He is the grave and real menace of lovers. His head is sacred and terrible, his power illimitable. There is one wayonly one-to deal with him, but Robert Williams, having a brother of Penrod's age, understood that way.

Robert had \$1 in the world. He gave it to Penrod immediately. Enslaved forever, the new Rockefeller rose and went forth upon the high-

way, an overflowing heart bursting the loodgates of song: In her eyes the light of love was soffly

So sweatlay. So neatlay. On the banks the moon's soff light was brightly streamun', ords of love I then spoke to her,

the was purest of the pew-er: not weep and do not cry.
will build a littli cottige just for yearew-ew and L'?"

In fairness it must be called to mind nat boys older than Penrod have these ngs of pent melody. A wife can ver tell when she is to undergo a usical morning, and even the golden adding brings her no security; a man ty is liable to bust loose in se

born when he went si

sive words of the "Lady of | way into the heart's deepest hatred of all who heard him.

"One evualing I was sturow-ling Midst the city of the Dead. I viewed where all a-round me Their peace-full graves was spre But that which touched me mostlay

He had reached his journey's en a junk dealer's shop, wherein lay the long desired treasure of his soul an accordion which might have possess a high quality of interest for an antiquarian, being unquestionably a ruin, beautiful in decay and quite beyond the sacrilegious reach of the restorer. But it was still able to disgerge sounds, which could be heard for a remarksble distance in all directions, and it had one rich calflike tone that had gone to Penrod's heart. He obtained the instrument for 22 cents, a price long since agreed upon with the junk dealer, who falsely claimed a less of profit Shylock that he was! He had found the wreck in an alley.

With this purchase suspended from his shoulder by a faded green cord, Penrod set out in a somewhat home ward direction, but not by the route he had just traveled, though his motive for the change was not humanitaries It was his desire to display himself thus troubadouring to the gaze of Man-jorie Jones. Heralding his advance by continuous experiments in the music of the future, he pranced upon his blithesome way, the faithful Duke at his heels. (It was easier for Duke than it would have been for a younger dog, because with advancing age he had begun to grow a little deaf.)

Turning the corner nearest to the glamored mansion of the Joneses, the boy jongleur came suddenly face to face with Marjorie and, in the delicions surprise of the encounter, ceased to play, his hands, in agitation, falling from the instrument.

Bareheaded, the sunshine giorious upon her amber curls, Marjorie was strelling hand in hand with her baky, brother, Mitchell, four years old. She wore pink that day—unforgettable pink, with a broad, black patent leather belt, shimmering reflections danci upon its surface. How beautiful she was! How sacred the sweet little baby brother, whose privilege it was to cling to that small hand delicately powdered with freckles.

fecting carele "Hello!" said Marjorie, with unexpected cordiality. She bent over her baby brother with motherly affectstions. |"Say 'howdy' to the gentymuns, Mitchy-Mitch," she urged sweet-

ly, turning him to face Penrod. 'Won't!" said Mitchy-Mitch, and to mphasize his refusal kicked the gen-

rmuns upon the shin. Penrod's feelings underwent instant hange, and in the sole occupation of disliking Mitchy-Mitch he wasted pre-cious seconds which might have been eration of the startling example just afforded of how a given law operates throughout the universe in precisely the same manner perpetually. Robert Williams would have understood this

"Oh. oh!" Marjorie cried and put Mitchy-Mitch behind her with toe much sweetness. "Maurice Levy's gone to Atlantic City with his mamma," she remarked conversationally as ing from the office without having to if the kicking incident were quite closed.

"That's nothin'," returned Penrod," keeping his eye uneasily upon Mitchy-Mitch. "I know plenty people been better places than that—Chicago and everywhere."

There was unconscious ingratitude in his low rating of Atlantic City, for it was largely to the attractions of that resort he owed Miss Jones' present attitude of friendliness. Of course, tee, she was curious about the accordion. It would be dastardly to hint that she had noticed a paper bag which bulged the pocket of Penrod's coat, and yet this bag was undeniably conspicuous-"and children are very like grown people sometimes!"

Penrod brought forth the bag, purchased on the way at a drug store and till this moment unopened, which expresses in a word the depth of his sentiment for Marjorie. It contained an abundant 15 cents' worth of lemon drops, jawbreakers, licorice sticks,



"Take all you want," he said, with ofthand generosity.

"Why, Penrod Schofield;" exclaimed the wholly thawed damsel "you nice boy!"/
"Oh, that's nothin'," he returned

airily. -"I got a good deal of money nowadays.' "Where from?" "Oh, just around!" With a cautious

gesture he offered a jaw breaker to Mitchy-Mitch, who snatched it indignantly and set about its absorption "Can you play on that?" asked Mar-

orie, with some difficulty, her cheeks being rather too hilly for conversation. "Want to hear me?" She nodded, her eyes sweet with an-

This was what he had come for. He threw back his head, lifted his eyes dreamily, as he had seen real musicians lift theirs, and distended the accordion preparing to produce the

"Ow! Owowach! Wowohah! Waow-wow!" shrieked Mitchy-Mitch. wonderful calflike noise which was the instrument's great charm. But the distention evoked a long wall which was at once drowned in another one. -"Ow! Owowach! Wowchah! Waow-wow!" shricked Mitchy-Mitch and the

accordion together. Mitchy-Mitch, to emphasize his disapproval of the accordion, opening his mouth still wider, lost therefrom the isw breaker, which rolled in the dust. Weeping, he stooped to retrieve it, and Marjorie, to prevent him, hastily set her foot upon it. Penrod offered another jaw breaker, but Mitchy-Mitch struck it from his hand, desiring the former, which had convinced him of

Marjorie moved inadvertently, whereupon Mitchy-Mitch pounced upon the remains of his jaw breaker and restored them, with accretions, to his mouth, His sister, uttering a cry of horror, sprang to the rescue, assisted by Penrod, whom she prevailed upon to hold Mitchy-Mitch's mouth open white she

This delicate operation being completed and Penrod's right thumb severely bitten. Mitchy-Mitch closed his eyes tightly, stamped, squealed, bellow-"Hello, Marjorie!" said Penrod. afed, wrung his hands and then, unexpectedly, kicked Penrod again.

Penrod put a hand in his pocket and drew forth a copper two cent piece. large, round and fairly bright. He gave it to Mitchy-Mitch.

Mitchy-Mitch immediately stopped crying and gazed upon his benefactor with the eyes of a dog. This world!

Thereafter did Penrod-with complete approval from Mitchy-Mtch-play the accordion for his lady to his heart's ed up and down upon the sidewalk, eating, one thought between them, and soon she had learned to play the accordion almost as well as he. So passed a happy hour, which the Good King Rene of Anjou would have envied them, while Mitchy-Mitch made friends with Duke, romped about his sister and her swain, and clung to the hand of the latter, at intervals, with fondest affection and trust.

The noon whistles failed to disturb this little Arcady. Only the sound of Mrs. Jones' voice-for the third time summoning Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch to lunch-sent Penrod on his homeward

"I could come back this afternoon." he said in parting.

"I'm not goin' to be here. I'm goin' to Baby Rennsdale's party.' Penrod looked blank, as she intended he should. Having thus satisfied herself, she added: "There aren't goin' to be any boys

He was instantly radiant again. "Marjorie"-

"Hum?"

"Do you wish I was goin' to be there?" She looked shy and turned away her "Marjorie Jones!" (This was a voice

from home. "How many more times shall I have to call you?" Marjorie moved away, her face still hidden from Penrod.

"Do you?" he urged. At the gate she turned quickly toward him and said over her shoulder, all in a breath: "Yes; come again tomorrow morning and I'll be on the corner. Bring your 'cordion!"

And she ran into the house, Mitchy-Mitch waving a loving hand to the boy on the sidewalk until the front door

> CHAPTER XII. The Inner Boy.

ENROD went home in splendor, pretending that he and Duke were a long procession, and he made enough noise to render the auricular part of the illusion perfect. His own family was already at the lunch table when he arrived, and the parade halted only at the door of the dining room.

"Oh, something!" shouted Mr. Schofield, clasping his bilious brow with both hands. "Stop that noise! Isn't it awful enough for you to sing? Sit down! Not with that thing on! Take that green rope off your shoulder! Now take that thing out of the dining room and throw it in the ashcanl Where did you get it?"

"Where did I get what, papa?" asked Penrod meekly, depositing the accor-dion in the hall just outside the din-"That da-that third hand concer

that both Margaret and Robert Williams (who happened to be a gnest) were growing red.

"I don't care what you call it," said Mr. Schofield irritably. "I want to know where you got it."

Penrod's eyes met Margaret's. Hers had a strained expression. She very slightly shook her head. Penrod sent Mr. Williams a grateful look and might have been startled if he could have seen himself in a mirror at that moment, for he regarded Mitchy-Mitch with concealed but vigorous aversion. and the resemblance would have horrified him. -

"A man gave it to me." he answered gently and was rewarded by the visi bly regained ease of his patron's manner, while Margaret leaned back in her chair and looked at her brother with real devotion.

"I should think he'd have been glad to," said Mr. Schofield. "Who was

"Sir?" In spite of the candy which he had consumed in company with Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch Penrod had begun to eat lobster croquettes earnestly.

"Who was he?" "Who do you mean, papa?" "The man that gave you that ghasty thing!" "Yes, sir; a man gave it to me."

"I say, Who was he?" shouted Mr. Schoffeld "Well, I was just walking alone, and he man came up to me. It was right down in front of Colgates', where most

of the paint's rubbed off the fence"-"Penrod!" The father used his most dangerous tone. "Who was the man that gave you the concertina?"

"I don't know. I was walking along

"You never saw him before?"

"No. sir. I was just walk"-"That will do," said Mr. Schofield. rising. "I suppose every family has its secret enemies and this was one of urs. 1 must ask to be excused."

With that he went out crossly, stopoing in the hall a moment before passing beyond hearing. And after lunch Penrod sought in vain for his accorlion. He even searched the library, where his father sat reading, though, upon inquiry. Penrod explained that he was looking for a misplaced school book. He thought he ought to study a little every day, he said, even during vacation time. Much pleased, Mr. Schofield rose and joined the search, finding the missing work on mathematics with singular ease which cost him precisely the price of the book the following September.

Penrod departed to study in the back yard There, after a cautious survey of the neighborhood, he managed to and coming into force on the 1st., of August. content, and hers. Never had he so dislodge the iron cover of the cistern Thus assured that when he looked for that book ugain no one would find it for him, he replaced the cover and betook himself pensively to the highway. discouraging Duke from following by repeated volleys of stones, some imaginary and others all too real. To Be Confinued



Workmen's Compensation Act, 1918

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on every package.

Notice to Employers of Labor

WHEREAS on the 17th day of April A.D. 1919 His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and Council did by Order-in-Council bring within the scope of Part 1 of the "WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT, 1918" from and after August 1st, 1919 the following industries.

"Persons employed in the woods in logging, cutting of timber, "pulpwood, firewood, railroad ties or sleepers, river driving 'rafting, booming, or the transportation of logs, timber, pulp-

"wood, firewood or railroad ties or sleepers."
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons engaged in any of the above mentioned industries are required to file a statement of their estimated payroll from August 1st, 1919 to December 31st, 1919 inclusive with the said Board, on or before the 1st day of

AND FURTHER NOTICE that any employer neglecting or refusing to furnish such estimate or information is liable to a penalty not exceeding \$20.00 per day for each day of such default, and is further liable for damages, as provided by Part two of said Act, in respect of any injury to any workman in his employ during the period of such default.

NOTE-Forms for furnishing such information, will be supplied on application. Also please take note of the following regulation passed by the Board,

FIRST AID KIT won apon ber. Never had she let him and dropped the arithmetic within. A In an industry where ten or more persons are employed, it shall be fine splash rewarded his distening ear. the duty of the employer to provide a suitable FIRST AID KIT approved of by the Board and in charge of a suitable person.

Certified passed May 1st., 1919.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION BOARD.

JNO. A. SINCLAIR, Chairman.

P. O. Box 1318, Saint John, N. B.



NAPOLEO

N APOLEON' Arm'd in His navy chance Poor British s

They suffer'd hir Unprison'd on And aye was ber On England's l His eye, methinks Of birds to Brit

With envy they o

Dear cliffs of D A stormy midnig That his sojourn If but the storm To England nea

At last when care He saw one mo ing, An empty hogshe Come shoreward

He hid it in a cave The livelong day Until he launch'd By mighty work Heaven help us! '1

Description wre Perhaps ne'er vent Or cross'd a ferr For ploughing in th It would have ma Untarr'd, uncompa

No sail-no rudd From neighbouring His sorry skiff w And thus equipp'd The foaming bill

But Frenchmen ca His little Argo so Till tidings of him Napoleon's hear With folded arms Serene alike in p And in his wonted

Address'd the str 'Rash man that we On twigs and sta Thy heart with so Must be impassi 'I have no sweether

Great was the long To see my mothe And so thou shalt, 'Ye've both my f A noble mother mu

'But-absent lon

So brave a son.' He gave the tar a p And with a flag He should be shipp' And safely landed

Our sailor oft could To find a dinner Bet never changed Of Bonaparté.

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